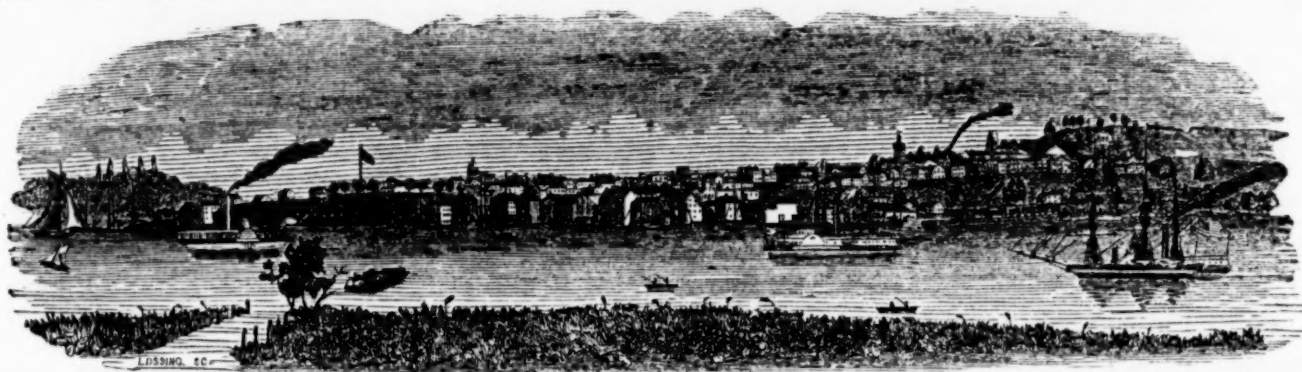


RURAL REPOSITORY.



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THE OMNIBUS BOY.



THERE was a day, not long past, when Omnibus Boys flourished in all their splendor; when their shrill voices squeaked forth the praises of rival vans; in fine when an omnibus boy was the soul and delight of a riding community. But these fair eras of life have passed away; the harsh pipes of thick-coated drivers proclaim the destinies of six-penny passengers; leather thongs secure would-be defaulters, and the Cad is forgotten.

It has been our hard lot never to have owned a chariot, and as our nether limbs are afflicted with an habitual dread of locomotion, stern necessity has compelled us to facilitate our movements by means of a public omnibus.

There was one of these vehicles which was deemed our favorite carriage; it was blue, and recently lined, and like Achilles, swift as to the foot. In that day we had cads, and a very nice little cad was the attendant on our carriage—a small, light featured, curly-headed boy; we loved his pretty

face, and mostly admired to hear the little fellow talk—at all times neat, he won the esteem of the passengers, and in rain and shine he was always at his post, behind the lumbering stage.

But our curly-pated favorite, corrupted perchance by wicked associates, soon learned the art of trafficking in forbidden wealth. No longer did his rosy smile greet a well known passenger; no longer did his voice swell on the evening air, with its wanton notes of "Broadway, ride up!"—he met his employers with a dogged set; old ladies were no longer pressed into his vehicle to lose themselves in unfrequented streets; no, he was sullen and melancholy. He had taken to grog shops and dominoes, and along with him went the earnings of the week, and in company with these his employer's money. For a long time did we feel disconsolate for our favorite's loss. The heavy wheels of the omnibus creaked in his absence, the springs broke on each passage, and the driver grew crusty—and why all

this? Because we mourned the rosy-checked, fair-headed boy, who so long had taken our passage money.

One fine afternoon we were visited at our domicile by a lady of rather genteel appearance. How she ever found us out is a mystery which she would do well to explain to some deputy sheriff who holds *fi. fas.* against us; but now, since the bankrupt law has been passed, we have engaged better apartments. The widow, for such we presumed her to be, held in her hand a curiously printed document, which she explained to us to be a summons, or witness ticket, to attend the Court of General Sessions of the Peace, to be held at some place and time we have since forgotten. In presenting this specimen of the epistolary correspondence of the people of the State of New-York, the widow also offered a current coin of the United States of the denomination of one shilling. We looked at the round circle; dim visions sprang up before us, but on one glance at the care-worn face of the poor gentle woman, they quickly fled; we returned the coin and informed her that if we were of any service we would attend without the "splendid shilling."

As "Old Hays" had finished the last "hear ye" of the crier's proclamation, on the appointed day we strode into the court room. A jury was then returning a verdict, that on some slight discrepancies in the evidence that were compelled to find a notorious villain not guilty. The district attorney and the assemblages looked displeased, but the counsel for the prisoner were in a state of pleasure bordering upon madness. The noise and confusion consequent on such a return had scarce died away, when a tall woman was placed at the bar, charged with stealing some trifles from her paramour, the offence was clearly proved, and the prisoner's counsel commenced to sum up to the jury. There seemed no shadow for a defence, not even a character could be sustained; she once was a fair mechanic's daughter, but now a struggling child of misery, gaily dressed, bearing the traces of forsaken beauty; her eye quailed not, but lit up with hope as the counsel proceeded. They appealed to the pity and feeling of the jurors; imaged the sorrows of a parent, which did not exist; harrowed ancient prejudices, and triumphed. We were about to retire from the court, in unconcealed disgust, when we heard the heavy tread of an officer, who placed in the prisoner's box our little friend, the

quondam omnibus cad. How changed and altered did he then appear! his curly locks were disheveled and matted, his rosy cheek was blanched, his eyes sunken, and his slender frame was shaken and weak from long imprisonment. His eager mother hung over him; the tears streamed from her aged eyes; she gazed in breathless bereavement on her erring child; she was sorrowful, but he stood unmoved. The case was soon made up; we were examined for the defence, and proved what little we knew of his good character, and left the court. The next morning we looked in some morning paper for the result, and found the following stereotyped paragraph:

"George Brown, convicted of larceny, sent to the penitentiary."

We walked by the prison the next day; we thought of the two cases within our view; the one triumphed by mock feeling, by vain argument of counsel; the other suffered from the reality of woe. We saw by the iron gate the prisoner's van, the pale and aged widow stood beside it, mourning for her recreant son. In a few moments he was led out by an officer, he sharply wrung the hand of his feeble mother, and in mounting the steps of the vehicle he caught a glimpse of us, his former passenger. The mere force of habit, of instinct, overcame him, and, raising his finger toward us, exclaimed, "Ride up! Bellevue and the Island—ride up!"

TALES.

From the National Magazine.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

A Tale of the Crescent City.

BY "THE POOR SCHOLAR."

CHAPTER I.

In the year 18—, I was employed in an official capacity by the First Municipality Council of the city of New Orleans. I am a Lyonesse by birth, and upon the escutcheon of my family, I believe, no blot can be traced. The letters which I brought from my native country, recommended me warmly to some of the first families of Louisiana, and the consequence was an appointment shortly after my arrival at an office of honor and responsibility.

One morning, at an early hour, I received intelligence that my presence was required near the "Mercado de los vegetables" or Spanish market. The most direct route from my lodgings to this place lay along the Levee, and as I had sallied out at an hour somewhat earlier than my appointment called for, I walked leisurely along, enjoying the cool breeze that came from the river. The sun had just arisen, and his rays, not yet disagreeably hot, were converting the yellow waves into gold! A thousand vessels of every size and fashion, from the huge *batteau de vapeur*—the floating palace of the rivers—to the small goleta of the Spanish Main and the still smaller pirogue of the coast planter, slept upon the bosom of the broad stream! Away below in the direction of Le Tour Anglais, lay a large frigate, her tall spars outlined upon the surface of the water—the *fleur de lis* of France drooping from her mizen-peak, while the shrill music of the boatswain's whistle died along the wave, recalling the happy memory of other scenes and climes! Farther up could be heard the strange, wild song and chorus as the crew of the stevedore frightened the merchant ship for the ports of distant lands!

The heavy bell of the old Spanish cathedral pealed forth the signal of devotion!—many a lovely devotee was kneeling in the antiquated aisles, while her sweet lips breathed forth the accustomed matins!

There were few persons on the streets, save those whom like myself, duty had called forth to taste the early breath of the morning. Here and there citizens issued from their houses, taking the direction of the market; and a party of sailors released from the weary watch might be seen crossing over to a cafe to partake of the intoxicating draught. I entered the market—within its precincts all was life and activity. Here stood the fruiterers from the Ysla de Cuba, calling out, "naranjas! manzanas de pions!" there the slave mulatto of the planter not less loud in praise of his yams and melons; while ever and anon might be seen, gliding around the portals, the beauteous quadron, of rounded, classic form, her glossy black hair peeping from beneath the folds of the costly Madras, while the wild light of her fiery eye gleamed in triumph as she detected the admiring glance of the passing cavalier.

Having finished the business which had called me forth, I returned toward my lodgings. As I sauntered along in front of the Plaza de Armas, enjoying the tranquil beauty that reigned around, my ear was suddenly arrested by a female voice pronouncing the words, "voulez vous acheter un bouquet, monsieur?"

There was something so ravishingly sweet and feminine in the voice, that a far less sensitive ear than that of him thus addressed would have been constrained to listen. Turning round in the direction whence it proceeded, I beheld standing by a small table, covered with flowers, not only the most beautiful creature I had ever seen—but one fairer than my brightest fancy had ever conceived. She was a brunette of the Castilian order—with light hair, high forehead and sunny eye. The pale lily of her beauteous cheek was but slightly tinged with the rose;—but the pulpy red lip, the liquid glance, the goddess form, and the soft sweet patios of the "voulez vous acheter un bouquet, monsieur?" at once bespoke the Creole of Louisiana, or the French West Indies.

She seemed about fifteen years of age, but her form owing, perhaps, to the influence of climate, had more than half way budded into womanhood, and its exquisitely rounded developement, unconcealed by the harlequin cut and tawdry finery which characterize the dress of an European maiden, appeared to advantage in a suit of simple black, fashioned according to the dictates of a superior mind. Her dress was long, reaching to the earth, while the small, fascinating foot cased in a white satin slipper, peeped stealthily from beneath it. Her hair was worn *a la Creole*, and a snow white cambric scarf drawn over her marble brow, formed the simple, yet classical *coiffure* of the brunette fleuriste.

All the philosophy of the "nil admirari" on which I had been in the habit of pluming myself, vanished in a twinkling; and I stood for some moments gazing in silence wrapt in the contemplation of her peculiar beauty.

"Voulez vous acheter un bouquet, monsieur?" repeated she, seeing that I had as yet made no reply to her simple interrogatory. I still remained silent. I could not speak—I could only gaze, worship, adore. Mistaking my impertinent admiration for an ignorance of the language she had spoken, she addressed me in Spanish.

"Quierre usted comprar las flores, Senor?"

I had by this time recovered from my trance.

"Si, si, Senorita, angel mio, con gusto," said I, answering her in Spanish, so that she might remain ignorant of the true cause of my hesitation.

Without further ceremony I proceeded to examine the bunches of flowers, or rather pretended to examine them, for I constantly found my eyes wandering toward the face of the brunette—there was a kind of magnetic fascination in her unfathomable eye irresistible as it was beautiful, which controlled my every movement, yet there was also a counteracting influence, for though love gushed from the liquid orb, there gushed too a glance that repelled and chastised illicit curiosity. My eye quailed before that glance—though I could have gazed for hours (myself unseen) at its wild, yet lovely light. I even looked around to see if fortune had not favored me with a position from which (unobserved) I might contemplate so much beauty—but nothing was there but the broad, bare Levee, glistening beneath the rays of the sun.

As she observed my hands passing mechanically among the flowers, (my thoughts were certainly not among them) I could detect a slight smile on her prettily curved lip.

"Choose what bouquet you please, Senor!" Her voice woke me from my reverie, and I replied with some earnestness.

"With your leave, Senorita, I shall place this lily in my *conservatoire*, that when I look upon it, its beauty and purity may remind me of you!"

Instead of the smile with which I expected to be repaid for this compliment, an expression of displeasure passed over her beautiful features—she remained silent—I had evidently offended. I will essay again, thought I.

"Your flowers are arranged with exquisite taste, Senorita!"

"Perhaps, so, Senor!" was the only answer. Finding that I had destroyed all chance of further conversation, I purchased the unfortunate lily, and reluctantly continued my walk. When I had reached that corner of the Plaza that opens out into Rue Chartres, I cast a farewell look toward the flower stand. The exquisite figure, and beautiful features of the brunette could even be appreciated at such a distance? Other purchasers had come up, and were selecting from her bouquets—she was smiling upon them! How I envied them those smiles!

CHAPTER II.

I have always been noted for my aversion to flowers—especially plucked ones. The only flower I ever loved to look upon was the blending of the rose and lily upon the cheek of beauty. I own my position seems peculiar, anomalous if you will—yet 'tis a just one, and will find an echo in the breast of many a reader (not feminine.) No! far be it from me to disparage a love of the soft, the bright and the beautiful in those who are themselves the type and essence of softness, brilliancy and beauty. I have been thus particular in stating my natural aversion to flowers, that the reader may fully appreciate the change which took place about this time, in my tastes and feelings. All at once I became passionately fond of flowers. A large bouquet always fresh bloomed on my dressing table: roses were twined in the frame of my mirror—the upper button-hole of my coat never wanted an orange blossom—and a small hyacinth bound by a golden pin and chain figured on the bosom of one of Callot's best embroidered. I love

flowers from a sense of gratitude—gratitude for the many pleasant interviews, they were the means of procuring for me with the brunette fleuriste, with whom I had unconsciously fallen deeply in love.

Morning after morning found me sauntering along the Levee, and loitering in the Plaza de Armas—morning after morning saw me purchasing her costliest bouquets, yet weeks had passed over, and I could not flatter myself that my person had attracted even a passing attention from the pretty fleuriste. I advanced but slowly in her acquaintance—I was, therefore, under the necessity of sustaining both sides of the dialogue, which generally ended in my making of myself what in Spanish is politely termed “un borrico grande.” Once I was so impudent as to press her fair fingers as she presented me with a bouquet, but their quick withdrawal, and the look which accompanied the act, warned me sufficiently against a repetition of the impertinence.

I was piqued to perceive that she treated me with even more coldness (I thought so) than other purchasers of her flowers, many of whom seemed equally anxious to ingratiate themselves in her favor.

I was deeply in love, and as deeply did I endeavor to conceal it. We are jealous least those we love should know of our passion. I tried to impress the little fleuriste that my fondness for flowers was alone the cause of my making so many purchases.

“What does Monsieur Le Capitaine,” (she had learned my name and occupation) “do with so many bouquets?”

Dear little creature! had she only followed me into the Rue D’Orleans, she might have seen many of her handsomest sets flung carelessly into the channel, or handed as carelessly to the first girl whom I met, and who would repay me with smiles, but her smiles were lost on me—my heart only beat for the pretty brunette fleuriste. In endeavoring to make one friend I unconsciously made fifty, for there was hardly a maiden in the Rue D’Orleans who did not believe that I was irretrievably in love with her.

There were others who sold flowers in front of the Plaza, and fruits and birds from the West Indies. I inquired the name of the brunette.—Natalie—(what a beautiful name!) further than her name they were ignorant—she was a stranger to them—she came from the direction of the Faubourg Clouet, generally accompanied by a gray-haired old man, and sometimes (but rarely) by a youth whom she called Luis. Ha! thought I, I have now discovered the cause of her coldness toward me; this youth, this Luis is her lover—and favored too! From that moment I became miserable!

The old man I had frequently seen—he was her father—he seemed to be upward of sixty—of gentlemanly, though reduced appearance—his countenance bore the impress of grief. He rarely staid by the fleuriste, but might be seen seated on an old wooden pier that projected into the river, and commanded the view to the seaward. Here he would sit for hours without changing his position, his eyes bent in the direction of the Tour de Anglais, while the loiterers of the Levee would pass and repass without being favored by a single glance.

One morning I was occupied in the Plaza with a party of gen d’arms until a late hour. As I dismissed the party the sun was just climbing to his meridian, and I could perceive through the

paling that surrounds the Plaza; that the little fleuriste was about preparing to return home.—Giving my accoutrements to a servant, I strolled toward the front of the square. As I drew near unperceived, I could hear her soliloquy, “oh! the sun has grown so hot! why does not Luis come?” I was about to offer my services to conduct her home, when a fine looking youth, dark haired, and apparently about eighteen years of age, appeared around the corner of the paling and presented himself before her. “Ah, dearest Natalie,” said he, “forgive me for keeping you in this boiling sun—I could not leave the office one moment sooner!” So saying, he took up the flower baskets and prepared to depart. This then, thought I, is the favored lover, this the Luis! Happy mortal! what would I not give for permission to walk by her side and carry those flower baskets even under the hottest sun—I shall at least see where she resides—and I turned to follow the fleuriste and her lover.

They walked for some distance along the Levee until they reached the Spanish market then turning down through Dounois they entered the Faubourg Clouet. Through Clouet they kept on until they had reached the very outskirts of the suburb, at least two miles from the Plaza de Armas. Here they entered a cottage almost buried in vines and orange trees. Twice only during their long walk did Natalie look back, once while passing through the Faubourg Daunois, and once as she entered the cottage; her look, however, betrayed no interest in the movements of him who followed. I retraced my steps to the city, wearied, dispirited, hopeless!

CHAPTER III.

A few mornings after the occurrences related in a previous chapter, I seized my hat, cane and gloves, and sallied forth upon the Levee. It was a beautiful morning in June, and the whole crescent harbor seemed alive with the bustle of commercial enterprise; clerks were running to and fro, bearing samples of rich produce—bells were ringing—travelers with portmanteaus were hastening across the shell pavement of the Levee to take passage for the cool climes of the north—boats were hissing forth the accustomed signals of departure—others again had got under way and stood out in the stream, the starry flag waving from their signal mast, while strains of national music came trembling along the water, blent with the trumpet notes of the escaping element, and the wild, clear “yo-hall-ho!” of the boatman’s chorus!

I sauntered along endeavoring to abstract my mind from the painful yet pleasant theme upon which it constantly dwelt. The effort was vain—I could think only of Natalie! Her image was ever before me, bright, beautiful, and virtuous; but alas, my mind too conjured up the handsome figure and fine countenance of her accepted lover I felt jealous and despairing—vain would be my attempt to rival him! What were rank and wealth in the eyes of one so truly possessed of the *MENS DIVINA*; for every action of the brunette fleuriste avowed its presence. I felt that all my accomplishments, my sword, my bright epauletts and plumes created but a passing interest in the breast of the fleuriste, while he, the handsome Creole youth occupied the sole affections of her heart. He seemed too, to be a favorite with the old man, her father. I had seen the three walk side by side toward the far superb Clouet.

Can she believe my intentions dishonorable? True, my situation in life is far removed from hers,

but have I not always behaved with the most scrupulous respect? And is there any situation too exalted for so much loveliness? Shall I again attempt to see her? I have not been to the Plaza for several mornings, though the denial cost me many an effort? I can no longer resist the temptation to gaze upon her beauty, though to me as the waters to Tantalus. I shall once more visit her—perhaps my unusual absence may have awakened an interest in my favor! One inquiry as to its cause would mellow the anguish that gnaws at my heart!

With these reflections passing through my mind I neared the great Plaza. The old man as usual was sitting out on the projecting wharf, his eyes bent in the direction of Le Tour Anglais. The river was rushing by red and swollen, and I could frequently see the time worn pier on which he sat quiver to the force of the current.

I was about to warn him of his danger, but turning towards the Plaza I beheld the brunette arranging her flowers, and the thought vanished from my mind. As I drew near I thought I could perceive a mingled expression of surprise and pleasure lighten up the features of the fleuriste—it was momentary—she is glad, thought I, that I return to purchase the flowers. No! that could not be, for she had once or twice chided me for spending so much money on bouquets—I approached and saluted her. Her reception as usual was civil—I commenced making a selection from the baskets, when to my delight she inquired “why Monsieur Le Capitaine had been so long absent?” and added that “she feared he had been unwell.” She seemed agitated—was it possible that she could be interested for me? I purchased some flowers and left the spot with a lighter heart than I had known for many weeks. Hope had once more dawned upon it.

I had walked only a few paces from the flower stand when my attention was attracted to the firing of heavy guns, and looking in the direction of Le Tour Anglais, I perceived a large frigate under French colors standing up the river, seemingly with the intention of making anchorage opposite the Plaza de Armas.

The old man who had been watching her for some time turned around, and made a signal for the fleuriste to join him, who immediately leaving her flowers walked out on the pier.

Prompted by curiosity I crossed to the nearest range, being the one below that occupied by the fleuriste and her father. As the frigate began to appear opposite the city, the loungers from the cafes and the idlers from the Levee came running out on the wharves to witness the novel sight.—Presently a large crowd passed hurriedly out on the pier occupied by the fleuriste and her father, the old timbers groaned and bent beneath the heavy tread—there were heard shouts of “hold! hold! the pier is giving way!” then followed a loud crash—a scream—shouts and oaths, and in an instant the whole party were precipitated into the deep red current!

I could see the eyes of the brunette turned upon me as she sunk beneath the surface—I lost not a moment, but plunging into the river struck out for the spot where she had disappeared—she soon came up again, and throwing out her arm as though by an effort pointed to her father who had risen at some distance. A sailor was about to rescue him—I heeded not—I perilled life only for her! I swam toward her, but before I could reach the spot she had disappeared a second time beneath the

wave! Wild with despair I struck out where I supposed the current might carry her, and dropped myself into a perpendicular position so as to intercept her floating form. I waited the result—something pressed against my knees! I dived—but unsuccessfully! the object was borne on by the rapid current—I swam wildly to intercept it—I again stood upright in the water—again the object touched me—I dived once more, and returned to the surface with the insensible form of Natalie in my arms! Words cannot express my feelings at that moment—even in the cold wave my heart thrilled with rapture at the embrace! It seemed the crowning in an age of bliss! I am an excellent swimmer—the fishermen of the Gulf of Lyons can testify to this—I struck for the shore with my lovely prize, but before I could reach it we were picked up by a ship's boat that had rowed in for the purpose. I used every means to restore the fainting Natalie, and in a short time sensibility returned.

"Dost thou not know me, Natalie?" said the old man bending over her, and raising her in his arms. She seemed to recognize him, her soul was fast returning into its channels, and in a short time perception was completely restored.

Having procured a carriage, I seated myself beside the brunette and her father, and accompanied by the sailor who had rescued the old man, we drove for the Faubourg Clouet. Time may mellow but can never efface the looks of gratitude (and might I say love!) that beamed from those liquid eyes. He alone who has saved the life or honor of a lovely maiden can know what transport, what rapture it is to be the sole object of the wild devotion of a female heart? From that moment I lived—I became intoxicated with visions of happiness, nor did a thought of the absent lover Luis arise to mar my dreams of bliss!

We reached the Faubourg Clouet and entered the cottage of Adolphe de Launcais—for such was the name of Natalie's father—the fleuriste retired to her chamber and medical assistance was called. I staid for sometime conversing with de Launcais, and was much surprised to find him not only a man of education but of travel and experience. He was profuse in his expressions of gratitude, but they were delivered in such a manner as proved how deeply he felt them. As I arose to depart the door suddenly opened from without, and Luis, the lover and rival entered—I attempted to avoid him, when to my surprise the young man rushed up, and grasped me by the hand, ardently thanked me for having saved the life of his sister!

"And," said I, unable to restrain myself, "is Natalie your sister?"

"Certainly," said he, somewhat puzzled by the manner of the interrogatory. "I have been up on the Piazza and heard the whole of it—and Monsieur Le Capitaine, but for you my little Natalie would now have been no more—and my father too—thanks, my brave fellow, thanks!" said he, turning to the sailor, and warmly shaking him by the hand—"we are too poor at present to offer what I am convinced you would not accept a reward, but you must come and stay with us while your ship is in port—you shall here find a home and a welcome!"

The old tar was affected almost to tears. We prepared to depart—as I entered the carriage, young de Launcais took my hand in an affectionate manner.

"Monsieur Le Capitaine, you will not think our home too poor to be honored by your presence? I have heard of your kind heart—the little Natalie

has told me of your fondness for flowers: she may not sell any more in the Piazza. It is her own choice as our garden supplies plenty; we can live without it: but should she, Monsieur Le Capitaine, do not insult her by offering here-after to pay for them: choose the fairest: the best: but do not offer money!"

"Would that I might choose the fairest of those flowers!" The carriage at that moment drove off, but as it turned the angle of the street I could see young de Launcais standing where I had left him looking after me in surprise. My parting words had mystified him.

CHAPTER IV.

At an early hour next morning I was in the Piazza. Natalie was not there. The place seemed lonely without her. It was pleasant, however to linger near a spot that had become to me so interesting.

There was the dark-eyed Italian Frutero with his heaps of oranges and pine-apples, plaintains and gavaus; there was the moustached Spaniard, with cigappos, macheros and Guayaquil hats, and there too were the parrots swinging in their cages, and looking as wise as though they understood all that was going on around them; the bouquetiers were standing by their baskets, but the fairest flower of them was not there. I stopped a moment opposite the deserted stand, some withered roses, the scattered remains of yesterday's collection, were lying on the little table. There were several inscriptions on the smooth surface that seemed the work of leisure moments, executed with striking taste; representations of flower baskets filled with flowers—bouquets, and some couplets in French which not only displayed good penmanship on the part of the writer, but a taste for the finest poetry.

As I glanced over the inscriptions, a figure near the corner of the table arrested my attention. It was a drawing representing the flower of the hyacinth, and underneath were the letters H. A. D. Good heavens! is it possible that these were meant for the initials of my name, Henry Auguste Durand? Can Natalie ever have thus thought of me previous to the occurrence of yesterday?

"How is Natalie, Monsieur Le Capitaine?" inquired a little quadron with dark, fiery eyes, who kept a flower stand in the Piazza, and who had been a witness to my saving the life of the fleuriste. Before I could reply a large, green parrot who hung overhead repeated the inquiry—another followed, and another, until along the whole line ran the query, "how is Natalie, Monsieur Le Capitaine?" It seemed as though the very birds felt an interest in the welfare of the little brunette fleuriste. Amused with the incident, I retraced my steps towards the Hotel de Norte Americane.

The following morning and I was again in the Piazza—I approached the stand of the fleuristes. Natalie was not there. A beautiful bouquet lay upon the table—"how came it there?" inquired I from the quadron.

"They had been brought by Luis, the Creole," was her answer, at the same time handing me a note addressed "Le Capitaine Durand." I opened the note and read—

"Will Capitaine Durand accept the accompanying bouquet of flowers? LEIS DE LAUNCAIS."

I took up the flowers, they were of the rarest kind, arranged with exquisite taste; in the centre of the bouquet was a hyacinth—a flower for which I had often, in the hearing of Natalie, expressed my partiality. I felt that for me the fingers of the

brunette had arranged those flowers, and the thought filled me with pride and pleasure.

As I turned the bouquet in my hand I detected a small strip of paper rolled upon the stem of the hyacinth: taking it out I read—

"Will Capitaine Durand wear the hyacinth?" There was no signature, but the writing was that of a female hand, and I doubt not that it was Natalie. Child of innocence, she loves me then, and has not the art to conceal it! She loves me—thrilling thought! Yes, dearest Natalie, it shall be worn over a bosom filled only with affection for the donor. But am I deceiving myself? and with the doubt—I re-read the paper. Is there aught here but the warm expressions of a maiden's gratitude? With these doubts and reflections passing in my mind I returned to my hotel. I had made up my resolutions to visit her. Having ordered my horse, I started, accompanied by my servant, for the far suburb. At a brisk gallop we passed down the Levee, crossed through Clouet, and stopped before the cottage of de Launcais. Leaving my horse in charge of the servant, I entered the cottage—no one was visible, but the door which led into the flower garden in the rear stood open—the inmates evidently were in the garden. I passed through the open door which commanded a view of the enclosure. On one side the old man was engaged in watering some lilies, but my eye roamed elsewhere, and I recognized the form of the brunette in an arbor of oranges. In a moment I was beside her—she seemed embarrassed by my presence, and would have retreated.

"Stay but for one moment, dearest Natalie!" I could no longer restrain myself—"stay and listen to me—since our first interview you alone have been the sole object of my thoughts—I love, nay, adore you—forgive me for thus abruptly avowing what I am no longer able to conceal—I offer you my hand—if you cannot return my love, oh, do not condemn my life to misery by an absolute refusal—leave me still some hope!"

This, as near as I can recollect, was my declaration. She listened to me with attention, and without withdrawing the fair hand which in my fervor I had seized, she replied, though her clear voice trembled.

"Can Monsieur Le Capitaine forget that his situation in life is far above that of her whom he has honored with the offer of his hand?"

"Say not so, I am but a soldier of fortune, whom to-morrow may leave penniless—yet would not infinite wealth overmatch so much beauty—so much virtue—speak, dearest Natalie—hold me not in this torturing suspense—is there a hope?" She stood a moment with a beautiful face averted, while the hand that still remained in mine trembled to the touch—that moment seemed an age—an age of anticipation—my breath became suspended—my heart beat at long intervals, and I felt as one waiting for the sentence, of life or death—she turned her eyes upon me with the smile of a seraph—I shall never forget that look—and in a soft, sweet voice pronounced "there is!" I know not what I may have said—I clasped her wildly to my heart, and kissed the lips that had breathed forth the glad words. It was the happiest moment of my life!

CHAPTER V.

Next day I sat in the cottage alone with de Launcais. "Captain Durand," said he in answer to a very formal request I had made, "your attentions to my daughter have not passed unobserved—and the little Natalie has made me acquainted with

the nature of your interview of yesterday—she loves you—you have declared yourself willing to become her husband—I will not stand between you and your wishes, yet ere I part with a gem peerless and priceless, I would request the fulfillment on your part of certain conditions. Mark me—I only request it. Accede to my terms, and my daughter is yours, refuse my request and I must still acknowledge that you have fairly won her—I shall not endeavor to keep her from you."

"Name the conditions!" said I eagerly, "and if possible and compatible with my honor, they shall be fulfilled."

Drawing his chair closer to me, and requesting my promise of secrecy, the old man continued—

"The family of de Launecais has not always been the inmates of a cottage. I am one of the unfortunates of St. Domingo, in which island, previous to the breaking out of the insurrection, I was the proprietor of a large estate in the neighborhood of Leogane. I was one of the wealthiest of St. Domingo's wealthy planters, and at the commencement of the revolution held in my possession a large amount in gold coin, besides a valuable property in plate and jewelry. Fearing an attack from the insurrectionists, I took the precaution to deposit most of this treasure in a small vault in the garden of my chateau, the entrance of which was concealed from observation, and known only to myself and my son Luis. It was so placed that it could be taken up at a moment's warning as soon as an opportunity offered of our leaving the island. Our house was attacked in the night by a tumultuary rabble, and by the assistance of a faithful slave, (since dead) myself and children narrowly escaped with our lives in an open boat. I was compelled to leave the treasure—since that time I dared not return to the island, as my presence there would ensure my death, and for years have I been in search of some one in whom I could repose sufficient confidence to assist my son Luis in recovering my wealth. The treasure is large, and I could not, therefore, make known its existence to a stranger, besides the difficulty of reaching it will require the utmost caution—and failure will ensure the loss not only of the property, but also of the lives of those who may adventure. To you I would entrust that commission. I do not make its execution the price of my daughter's hand, yet would I wish to bestow along with that hand a dowry suitable to her birth and family."

It is unnecessary to say that I embraced the proposal, and after having received the necessary directions from de Launecais, prepared to depart. I obtained leave of absence from my duties, and with the assistance of Luis we were soon ready to embark. I had chartered a small Spanish goleta, and engaged a crew consisting of the sailor who had saved de Launecais, two others, and two gens d'armes—men whom I had proved worthy of trust. These, with Luis and myself, who alone knew the nature of the enterprize, comprised our company. After bidding farewell to her, the lovely prize that was to crown my exertions, we stood down the river, and soon cleared the Passes. On the fifth night after we had taken our departure from the Balize, our little goleta (called the Donna Inez) lay in the bight of Leogane opposite, and about half a mile from that shore called by Columbus the "Vale of Paradise."

Favorable to our scheme the night was dark, yet even through the gloom we could see a fine looking chateau fronting the bay, which had once

been the mansion of the de Launecais, and which was now the object of our visit. About midnight leaving the schooner in charge of a seamen, we dropped our boat rowed silently for the shore. All seemed asleep. We disembarked in a small cove, and leaving the boat fastened, we clambered up the rock. Passing among groves of palm and plantain trees we reached an enclosure which had evidently been the parterre of the chateau, though now the fine paling was thrown down and some horses and mules were running wild over the sward—on one side of this enclosure was a lane fenced by jessamine hedges, and overshadowed by luxuriant orange trees.

Keeping up this lane we reached the paling which formed the garden fence—this too was broken down, and the whole enclosure, even in the darkness, exhibited marks of the desolating rule under which the land was laboring. Here we stopped to reconnoitre the house which from this point was visible. Lights were glaring from the windows, and rude voices occasionally heard in oaths echoed along the piazzas. A party of soldiers were evidently crossing in the chateau, and as the point of our destination was in the centre of an orange coppice directly under the windows, we saw that the utmost caution would be required to reach it. As force was now out of the question we prepared to obtain the treasure by stratagem.

Luis was familiarly acquainted with the locality of the vault, having known it from a child. Leaving the four men concealed among the shrubbery, we stealthily crept toward the spot. At intervals the light from the windows of the chateau flashed upon us, and we were under the necessity of lying flat on our faces so as to escape observation. We could see figures of men, mostly negroes, in uniform, and mulatto women passing and repassing along the corridors, and hear their rude jests, accompanied with oaths, and the clinking of glasses. We reached the coppice, here we were secure from being observed, and by the directions which I had received from the elder de Launecais, I should at once have found the vault. Luis however, knew it well. The entrance was concealed by some loose rocks that had evidently lain undisturbed for years. We soon removed these and came to a broad flag in which were two iron rings. This with some difficulty we succeeded in raising, and underneath discovered the object of our search, consisting of plate and coin to a large amount.—After placing it in bags which we had brought with us for the purpose, we commenced our retreat to join the party in the shrubbery. As the immense weight of the treasure prevented our crawling along the ground, the danger of returning from the coppice was much increased. We were obliged to walk erect, and therefore, more liable to be seen from the piazza. There was no alternative, and we emerged from the friendly shade of the orange trees. We had reached but a few paces in the direction of the lane, when a watch dog that had been prowling through the garden detected us, and immediately set up a loud baying. Some one hailed him from the house, but as he continued to bark furiously several persons came out on the piazza carrying lamps. The light flashing upon our faces discovered us to the party in the corridor, who immediately set up the cry, "Les blancs! Les blancs!" and started in pursuit. Further attempt at concealment was now useless, and running toward the lane we gave the signal to our companions whom we found ready to receive us.

No time was to be lost—entrusting the bags to two of the men, the remaining four of us formed to cover their retreat. About thirty blacks were in pursuit, and more were issuing from the chateau—I could see their naked swords gleaming in the light that came from the windows. Taking good aim our party fired. I saw several of the negroes fall, and heard their groans and curses. Staggered by the unexpected reception the pursuing party stopped. This was for us the critical moment, and taking advantage of it we ran down the dark lane and reached the boat where the two men with the treasure had already arrived. We had not, however, one moment to spare, the pursuers were already on the beach. I was the last to enter the boat. As I stepped over the gunwale a huge mulatto dressed in the uniform of an officer of the Haytian republic, rushed into the water and made a thrust at me. As I turned to parry it my foot slipped and the sword of the negro passed through my right arm making a deep flesh wound, and completely disabling me. He was about to repeat the thrust—I was at his mercy when a pistol flashed, followed by the quick report—the mulatto threw up his arms, staggered a step toward the beach, and fell with a heavy plash upon the water. Luis de Launecais had repaid me for the life of his sister.

Before any other of the pursuing party could reach us the little shallop was gliding out toward the schooner which we reached in safety. No time was to be lost as the negroes were getting out their boats, and we could hear their threats and execrations across the water. The breeze luckily was blowing from the land, and in a few minutes the goleta, under full sail, was standing toward the distant island of Gonaives. We were detained in the gulf by contrary winds, and it was ten days before we made the Passes of the Balize. The fever caused by my wound had been gradually increasing, and before we reached the city reason had forsaken me—I was delirious.

I can recall nothing that passed during my delirium. All seemed like a troubled dream, in which demons strove to torture me, but were prevented by the interference of a lovely being my guardian angel. When I awoke to reason I found myself lying on a couch in a spacious chamber elegantly furnished. An ottoman stood in the centre, while mirrors and rich tapestry adorned the walls. Flowers were strewed over the ottoman, and around my couch were placed bouquets of hyacinth and orange blossoms. A large glass folding door was in front. It stood open, but curtains of blue silk were suspended over the doorway to mellow the light. The cool breeze playing into the chamber at intervals flung up the silken fold, and I could gain a glimpse of the scene without. It was the loveliest prospect I had ever beheld. An elegant marble fountain was playing in front of the window—the orange tree hung its boughs over the basin, and dipped its golden fruit in the crystal water—while groves of lemon and laurel stretched away on the green bosom of the parterre, beyond the broad river was rolling silently on, its wave burnished by the beam of the setting sun, whose lower limb had disappeared behind the dark foliage of the distant cypress wood.—The varied lay of the mock-bird, blent with the deep, clear notes of the oriole, and the rippling murmur of the fountain filled the air with music and melody.

While I was gazing on the fair prospect a side

door gently opened, and turning my head I beheld—the guardian angel of my dreams—the brilliant, the beautiful Natalie de Launcais!

It is fifteen years since that time. I am now writing in that same chamber, and at intervals gazing on the same lovely landscape. The fountain still flings its crystal jet into the marble basin—the orange spreads as ever its golden foliage—and the broad river still rolls silently on. Yet is there some change—a fine mansion (the chateau of Luis de Launcais) stands on the opposite bank of the river, which fifteen years ago was not there—and two young Crocoles with flashing eyes and raven locks are playing on the green sward of the parterre. A female form bends over the balustrade and watches their gambols—she appears to be the young mother—a smile is playing upon her red lips, and her sunny eyes flash with fondness.—How lovely she seems! she never looked more beautiful! not even when first seen as the *brunette fleuriste* of the *Plazza de Armas*!

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

THE INFLUENCE OF FASHION.

THERE is, perhaps no tyrant on the face of the earth, whose power is so complete, and whose sway so extensive over the hearts of his subjects, as that of Fashion. Her influence is felt throughout the whole civilized world, and no matter how absurd her dictates, or how extravagant her desires, we yield a willing homage to her laws, and even vie with each other in executing them.—No station in life is exempt from her power; the ruler of empires obeys her mandates, and he who hath not where to lay his head, cannot in the sincerity of his heart say, that he is totally uninfluenced by her restraints. Though she walks with bolder and more majestic strides, in the halls of the wealthy, and the mansions of the great, her footsteps are equally visible in the lower departments of life; and she, whom poverty compels to earn her daily bread by unremitting toil, is not unfrequently found foremost among her votaries.—Indeed, such is the dominion of Fashion over society, that the standard of respectability is often measured by her influence.—We smile at the simplicity of the court of the hump-backed Richard, when the nobility wore upon their shoulders an artificial crook, in imitation of the natural deformity of their sovereign; but we forget at the same time the artificial deformity, with which the fairest portion of our race are now adorned! Alas, for poor human nature, when they assimilate themselves to the camels of the field! For the honor of the world it is to be hoped that *all* may remember they were made after the similitude of Divinity, and be satisfied therewith, without seeking by human inventions, to deface the image of God in their persons, who, when he made, pronounced them “very good.”

LEGION.

MISCELLANY.

WOMAN'S CHARACTER.

No trait of character is more valuable in a female than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition!

It is sunshine falling upon his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the minds of the whole family. Where it is found in the wife and mother, you observe kindness and love predominating over the bad feelings of the natural heart. Smiles, kind words, and looks, characterize the children, and peace and love have their dwelling there. Study, then, to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold; it captivates more than beauty; and to the close of life, retains all its freshness and power.

NEW ORLEANS GUESSING INSTITUTE!

*Mnemotechny Eclipsed—New England Ahead—
The “Professors” Nowhere.*

A SEEDY son of New England found himself, recently, all alone, unknown, and “hard up,” in New Orleans. Of course he soon set about guessing some way to get out of the scrape; and before he had quite whittled his stick away, he became absorbed in the inception of a grand thought. It seems, sitting down to guess, his astute brain made a plunge at once, among the metaphysical and scientific ramifications of GUESSING; and, not long after, he might have been observed, with a sober sort of twinkling in his eye, marching off along the “Levee,” apparently looking for a house to let, humming—

Yankee Doodle! come along!
When fortune falls distressing,
There's nothing like a Yankee song,
And scientific guessing!

Early next day, our hero and another odd looking genius were seen on a ladder, nailing up a broad strip of canvass all across the front of a house on the Levee; and the job being completed, there was displayed, in flaring, sprawling, straggling, broken-backed, decapitated, knock-kneed, round-shouldered, bow-legged, limping letters, Roman, German, Hebrew, caligraphic, chirographic, Arabian, Armenian, and Pot-hook-ian:

NU ORLEANS GESSING INSTITOOT.

GESSING TAUT IN ONE LESSON.
Only 20 Five Cents.

The thing produced a sensation, at once, among sailors, pedlars, Levee laborers, and all sorts of stragglers. Our professor borrowed an old rotten awning, hung it up, and divided his room in two, put his assistant at the door to take in quarters, turned a tin cup inside down on the middle of an old rickety table, got a vial of vinegar, pot of tar, a bottle of whiskey, and various other well-known odoriferous affairs, arranged around him; and, with a black skull cap on his head, and a red stick in his hand he made no bad “splurge” at the representation of a modern Faust.—Madame Ludwig might have taken a lesson from him, (“you understand me now?”) and Herr Alexander should have seen him. He drew a mystic ring on the ceiling, with charcoal, filling it up with most indiscribable, “eurleucues,” right over the table, and business soon commenced.

In straggled an open-mouthed enquirer after the mysteries of guessing.

“Stranger, good morning; walk up and proscribe yourself as a true enquirer after the revelations of Geeseology. Put your left hand upon the converted tin cup. Very well. Lift your right hand to the ceiling, and fix your eyes upon the magic circle. So. Now, if you wink or remove your eye, you'll ruin the hul business, stranger; so, just hold still. Now I pereece to pervoke the guessing spirit to descend upon you. What is this I hold under your nose?”

“Vinegar.”

“Crimini jingo! you larn fast! what's this?”

“That's tar.”

“Right again, my pupil; what's this?”

“Brimstone.”

“Good; you envelope the faculty raaly amazing! Can you guess what this is?”

“Whiskey, by thunder!”

“All creation! how quick you take it! are you sure its whiskey?”

“Sure? well, I reckon!”

“You'd better taste it and see. *Is it whiskey?*”

“Well it is.”

“Take a good swig, then; you'll do stranger; you're ready to graduate. Come in, next. Hallo! mister don't take that bottle away.”

One after another, as fast as he could dispose of them, the Professor found his customers sideling half shyly in upon him all day long, and when, now and then, one would exhibit a belligerent spirit, between good humor and whiskey, the New England Magician still managed to send him off satisfied. Every body coming out was questioned by the eager crowd in waiting, as to “what sort of a show it was, any how?” and the answer was pretty generally the same—“First rate, and no mistake, and the last experiment is worth half the money.”

The Professor counted his receipts that night, finding a round sum to help him on West; sold his “institoot” for a premium to his enterprising assistant, and next morning he was off, jingling the silver in his pocket and blessing devoutly the benefits of *science*!

THE ECCALEOBION IN NEW-YORK.

THE following interesting account of this curious affair is from one of Mrs. Child's letters to the Boston Courier.

Among the novelties now striving to arrest attention is the Eccaleobion or Hatching Machine. Its imposing name is derived from two Greek words, “I bring forth life.” It is about as large as a bureau, consisting of a series of small ovens, warmed by pipes conveying steam. The uniformity of temperature prevents the possibility of addled eggs, which are produced by variations from heat to cold, occasioned by the hen's unsteady performance of her domestic duties. I felt some resistance to this substitution of machinery for mothers; and if I were a hen, I would get a protest against being thrust aside from the uses of creation. This is an ultimate form of the mechanical spirit of the age, wherein men construct artificial memories, and teach grammar by a machine, in which the active verb is a little hammer pounding on the objective case.

But what is the use of quarrelling with it? Does not the Eccaleobion hatch with perfect certainty every egg that is not stale or imperfect? Does it not turn out fifty chickens a day, or twenty thousand a year? And will not this reduce the price of poultry to the heart's content of the epicure?

These machines are sold for \$120, and \$75 is charged for one half of the capacity of production above described. Some of the farmers in Jersey and Long Island are investing capital in this way, with the expectation of profit.

The chickens thus hatched almost invariably live, and seem healthy and lively. When cold, they run into little holes under the ovens. The hard, silent box seemed to me a poor substitute for a mother's heart-warmth, and the friendly clucking voice which gathers them under her brooding wings.

But the little things seemed well contended with their lot, never having known any thing better. Those a few weeks old though plump and thriving, have rather a loaferish look, as if their mothers didn't know they were out, and, consequently had not washed their faces, or combed their feathers. The older ones sometimes take to brooding the newly hatched, who run after them with great eagerness, and strive with each other to obtain their carresses. There is something quite affecting in this relation between the bereaved orphans and their elder sisters.

This American machine is doubtless a great improvement upon the famous Egyptian *mammals*, or hatching ovens, and upon the Chinese method of using up men, by having them sit, day after day, on nests of eggs, covered with feather cushions. It is a pity, though the demagogues and office seekers of this country could not be as usefully employed. If a tithe of them were to turn their attention that way, there would be a rapid diminution in the price of poultry.

The exhibition of the Eccalcobion is principally interesting from the opportunity it affords to watch the progressive development of animal life, from the first little white speck in which floats the embryo chicken, to the final projection of the beak through the shell, which it has broken by a vigorous pecking at its prison walls. The only thing in which I took pleasure, however, was in watching the first pulsation of the heart, which becomes observable on the third day. Though no bigger than a pin's head, it works with the vigor and precision of a steam engine.

POVERTY AND VIRTUE.

I CONFESS that it is a painful and bitter task to record the humiliations, the wearing, petty, stinging humiliations of poverty; to count the drops as they slowly fall, one by one, upon the fretted and indignant heart; to particularize, with the scrupulous and nice hand of difference, the fractional and divided movements in the dial-plate of misery; to behold the delicacies of birth, the masculine pride of blood, the dignities of intellect, the wealth of knowledge, the effeminacies and graces of womanhood—all that ennoble and soften the stony mass of commonplaces which is our life, frittered into atoms, trampled into the dust and mire of the meanest thoroughfares of distress; life and soul, the energies and aims of man, ground in one prostrating want, cramped into one levelling sympathy with the dregs and refuse of his kind, blistered into a single galling and festering sore: this is, I own, a painful and bitter task; but it hath its redemption: a pride even in debasement, a pleasure even in woe: and it is therefore that while I have abridged, I have not shunned it. Amid all that humbles and scathes—amid all that shatters from their life its verdure, smites to the dust the pomp and summit of their pride, and in the very heart of existence, writeth a sudden and "strange defeature," they stand erect—riven, not uprooted—a monument less of pity than of awe! There are some who, exalted by a spirit above all casualty and woe, seem to throw over the most degrading circumstances the halo of an innate and consecrating power; the very things which, seen alone, are despicable and vile, associated with them become almost venerable and divine; and some portion, however dim and feeble, of that intense holiness which, in the infant God, shed majesty over the manger and the straw, not denied to those who, in

the depth of affliction, cherish the angel virtue at their hearts, flings over the meanest localities of earth an emanation from the glory of Heaven!—*Bulwer.*

LOVE AND PRIDE.

A WRITER makes the following sensible and judicious remarks, which we commend to the attention of those for whom they are intended:—

"Many a man has seen his choice for a partner in life, in the humble girl, far beneath him in the opinion of the world, and although love and pride might have struggled with him for a while, yet pride triumphed, and he sought one from the higher walks of life. In all the vicissitudes of social existence, nothing can be capable of inflicting more certain misery than is sure to follow such a course. It distracts the general harmony of our days, misshapes our ends, shortens the length of life, lessens the stature of manhood, and is contrary to the divine instructions of the Bible, for it declares that where love is, there is peace, plenty and thriftiness. Every thing is sure to follow a happy union. Let no pride interfere in this matter."

THE ASTONISHED DUTCHMAN.

AN honest old Dutchman came on a visit to a New-York village, and was quietly smoking his pipe in view of the Mohawk valley, without knowing that a railroad ran through it. The night was dark, with the appearances of rain, which absorbed the old man's conjectures, when suddenly a train of cars rumbled by, leaving a long train of sparks in the rear. Suddenly dropping his pipe, the astonished citizen exclaimed—

"Vell, if New-York State ish not der tyfel for improvements! Dey hang lanterns to dere thunder clouds dat people may see them and get out of the way."

PLEASURES.—I see that when I follow my shadow, it flies me; when I fly my shadow, it follows me. I know pleasures are but shadows, which hold no longer than the sunshine of my fortunes. Lest, then, my pleasures should forsake me, I will forsake them. Pleasure most flies me when I most follow it.—*Warwick.*

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.—Hein, a Dutchman, rose from a cabin-boy to be an admiral, and was killed in an action in which he was victorious. Their High Mightinesses sent a deputation to condole with his mother at Delft. The old woman paying no regard to their honors, or the honor done him, said—"I always foretold that Peter would perish like a miserable wretch as he was; he loved nothing but rambling from one country to another, and now he has received the reward of his folly."

CATCHING A BACHELOR.—"Why don't you get married?" said a young lady, the other day, to a rather elderly bachelor. "I have been trying, for the last ten years, to find some one silly enough to have me," was the reply. "I guess you haven't been down our way," was the insinuating rejoinder.

A SPORTSMAN.—"Patrick, you fool, what makes you stare after that rabbit when your gun has no lock on?" "Hush, hush, darlint, the rabbit don't know that, sure!"

The clergy live by our sins, the doctor by our diseases, and the lawyer by our follies. What do printers live on?—echo answers *what!*

Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1844.

A WORD ON BORROWING.

Who steals my purse, steals trash,
But he who fishes from me my newspaper,
Robs the Post Office, without my permission,
And makes me mad, indeed.

Of all the evils that infest society, none ought to be more universally detested, than the perpetual borrower; compared with him, the acknowledged thief should be respected—from the latter we can guard by bolts and keys, from the former there is no security; even the privilege of denial is not always granted, for the genteel borrower is above soliciting, and consequently borrows without so much as saying, "by your leave." Accident may sometimes render it necessary, that we become, for a short time dependent on the kindness of our neighbors, but no accident can render it necessary to be eternally borrowing a book or a newspaper; these are every day articles, and within the reach of all. When therefore a man intercepts my paper, or even asks to borrow it, I am ready to exclaim, "Get thee behind me," &c. The habit of borrowing, is an annoyance which to know, must be felt, and when circumstances allow a man but a limited time to read, and he sits himself down after a day of toil, with a well trimmed lamp and spectacles, nicely adjusted, to indulge in the perusal of some favorite book, or paper, he is told that neighbor Closepurse has borrowed the last paper or that Squire Scrimprinter, has taken it from the Post Office, unlicensed—then I say, that the catalogue of human nature contains no epithet severe enough to designate the wretch, who commits such an outrage on justice and humanity!

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

P. M. Salem, N. C. \$3.00; P. M. Romulus, N. Y. \$3.00; H. J. Owego, N. Y. \$1.00; T. W. Stockport, N. Y. \$1.00; Mrs. E. H. Braman's Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; C. W. S. Brownsville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Fletcher, N. Y. \$1.00; W. B. C. Rondout, N. Y. \$1.00; E. T. Brainard's Bridge, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Williamsburg, Ms. \$3.00; A. B. P. Fredonia, N. Y. \$1.00; Miss L. O. H. Lansingville, N. Y. \$1.00; W. G. New-York, N. Y. \$1.00; C. W. Hosick, N. Y. \$1.00; S. T. W. Chatham 4 Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; Mrs. L. B. Moscow, Mich. \$1.00; A. G. W. Manchester, Vt. \$1.00; P. J. Burnt Hills, N. Y. \$1.00; Miss H. D. Salisbury, N. Y. \$1.00; F. E. S. Keeseville, N. Y. \$1.00; Miss M. K. Somerville, N. Y. \$1.00; I. B. Waddington, N. Y. \$1.00; F. B. Whitney's Valley, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Portland, In. \$3.00; P. M. Stanfordville, N. Y. \$5.00; J. L. C. Forestburgh, N. Y. \$1.00.

BOUND

In Hymen's sacred bands.

At Hillsdale, by the Rev. Mr. Himrod, Jerome Curtis, to Miss Catharine Johnson, both of Sheffield, Mass.

At New-York, Oct. 31st, 1844, by the Rev. J. Covell, Nelson Winning, of Durham, Greene county, to Miss Mary Ann Hamilton, of New-York.

At Hillsdale, by the Rev. M. L. Fuller, Erastus P. Norton, of Claverack, to Miss Hannah Crow, of the former place.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. J. C. F. Hoes, of Ithaca, the Rev. John M. Van Buren, of Fultonville, to Maria C. daughter of Peter I. Hoes, Esq. of Kinderhook.

At Stockport, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. Alden Scovel, Mr. John B. Stott, to Miss Maria Saunders, all of that town.

At Stockport, on Sunday last, the 3d inst. by the Rev. A. Scovel, Mr. Nathan G. Rogers, of Hudson, to Miss Amy E. third daughter of Jeremiah Gay, Esq. of the former place.

At the house of Jacob Christman, on the 20th of Oct. by the Rev. E. Deyoe, of Ghent, Mr. George Kire, of Kinderhook, to Miss Catharine Ann Christman, of New-York.

On Monday, the 28th of Oct. by Elder Philetus Roberts, Mr. John V. Blinn, of Canaan, to Miss Harriet Ann, daughter of Wm. Clark, Esq. of Austerlitz, Columbia Co.

At Richmond, (Va.) on Wednesday evening, the 23d ult. at the residence of Mr. R. H. Jenkins, by the Rev. Mr. Styles, Rev. J. Addison Cary, of New-York, to Gertrude, daughter of the late Seth Jenkins, of Hudson, N. Y.

LOOSED

From the fetters of Earth.

In this city, on the 29th ult. Lucy Ann, daughter of Josiah and Caroline St. John, aged 2 years, 6 months, and 21 days.

Suddenly, in this city, on Saturday last, Mr. David Rowley, an old and respected citizen.

On the 3d of November, Sarah Moran, aged 27 years.

At Livingston, on Saturday, the 26th ult. Mr. Robert T. Livingston, aged 52 years, eldest son of Moncrief Livingston.

In New-York, on the 31st ult. Cornelia M. aged 22 years, daughter of Mr. Benjamin F. Bunker, formerly of this city. Her remains were brought to this city for interment.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

AN ENQUIRY.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

"CAN this spirit,
This all prevailing, this all conscious soul,
This particle of energy divine
Which travels nature, flies from star to star,
And visits Gods, and emulates their powers
Be happy here, amid the scenes of earth?"

WHAT if the sun should ever shine,
And nature in her bright array;
Wreath thornless flowers around her shrine,
Whose hues should never fade away.

What if no age, nor withering care
Stamp their stern impress on Man's brow;
His face and form be ever fair
It's when he breathed love's earliest vow.

What if no tear should ever dim,
The eyes of woman, and her heart
Soft as her own loved cradle hymn,
Should calmly view each scene depart.

What if no passions e'er should move
The peaceful slumberings of the soul,
The atmosphere be rife with love,
Unbroken by death's solemn toll.

No opening graves, no cherished forms,
Within earth's cold embraces laid;
No chilling blasts, no wintry storms
Cast o'er the plain their sombre shade.

Can man be happy? he be free—
While each pulsation of his breast
Whispers to him a Deity
In language felt, but unexpressed.

Happy? when fettered—cramped—confined
Amid the narrow bounds of earth?
Happy? possessor of a mind
Immortal, and of heavenly birth?

Happy? when he forever feels
The restless fever of desire;
For bliss, which heaven alone reveals
And ransomed souls alone aspire.

The scenes of earth however fair,
Fall far below the joys above;
No night those blissful regions wear
Illumined by the smile of love.

Seek then, oh! man, amid the strife
Of proud ambition's tireless aim,
A rest on high—when all of life
Shall vanish like the meteor's flame.

Sag Harbor, L. I. 1844.

For the Rural Repository.

THE BEGGAR.

BY ARTHUR DE VERE.

HE stands beside the rich man's gate,
The weary beggar blind and old;
And patient long he's had to wait,
And the night is dark and cold.
And oft he's knocked, but knocked in vain,
No friendly shelter can he gain,
To shield his shiv'ring, half clad form
From the rude peltings of the storm.

HE waiteth still, ah! why withhold
A helping hand, God made him poor!
And he his tale of woe hath told
How, thrust from every door.
Hungry, he's wandered all the day,
Toiling along the great highway,
And wintry blasts fell sore and bleak
On his grey head and wrinkled cheek.

HE waiteth still with meek content,
For he has learned the poor must wait;
But knoweth when life's sands are spent
He will share a better fate.

And though despised, the beggar's soul
Is destined then to reach a goal,
The rich man hardly can foresee
Who hath no pence for charity.

Poor man: what tho' the slaves of pride
And lust, behold thee with a frown;
Soon, thou shalt put thy rags aside
And receive an angel's crown.
For thou art God's dear chosen one!
Thy earthly journey's nearly done;
Faint not! a rest's prepared for thee
Beyond this vale of misery.

Cassville, N. Y. Sept. 1844.

For the Rural Repository.

BURIAL AT SUNSET.

SUNSET had flung its glories 'round
O'er wood-crowned hills and gray old tower,
And unperceived, the early dew
Had moistened every plant and flower.

I stood upon an upland slope,
Viewing the scenery around,
When suddenly the village bell
Pealed forth, a slow and solemn sound.

Again it pealed, I turned around
To scan the broad green vale below,
And in the distance soon I saw
A little band advancing slow.

I cast a look among the graves,
And saw a mound of fresh heaped sand,
And as they nearer came I knew
They were a lonely funeral band.

And drawing near I heard their sighs,
Those heart-felt pangs no tongue can tell,
And as they let the coffin down,
I heard a soft voice say, "farewell."

With heavy hearts they turned away,
The bell had ceased its dismal toll,
The scene I never can forget,
The solemn sight had chilled my soul.

Now crescent moon had o'er the vale,
Her sil'ry light and beauty thrown,
I gazed awhile upon the grave,
Then weary, traced my footsteps home.

Years fled; I chanced the grave to pass,
Upon it bloomed a fragrant rose,
Ah! here thought I, the dead may rest,
No sounds disturb their long repose.

Bridgewater, October 27, 1844. WILLIAM VAN DYKE.

For the Rural Repository.

LINES.

On reading the demise of the late Professor Barton.

YES thou art dead!
For thee no more
The roses or the lilies bloom;
No more thou wanderest by the shore:—
Perceivest flowers their petals shed,
Or breathest in woods their wild perfume!

Yes, thou art gone
Who lived as those
Who worship Nature's God do live!
Thou' climbest no more the mountain stone;—
No more thy vivid fancy glows
To catch the knowledge God can give!

Oh then farewell,
Thou one beloved!
Sure heaven must be a flowery land!
Here we begin, and there we dwell;—
Thou hast the strange enigma solved!
'Mong kindred spirits on every hand,
Thou dost in meditation stand;—
Within a world more bright and fair,
To muse on life forever there!

Vain triflers we!
Ah! do we know
The reason why we're placed here?—
Though here earth's theatre we see,
And grasp our little all below,
We leave to seek another sphere!

Then be it ours
To wise improve

The various talent God has given;
Not give to vanity the hours—
Rather to seek in woods for flowers,
And solemn think while thus we rove
This world is but the road to Heaven! ZOLI.

For the Rural Repository.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

OFT we bend with delight o'er a chance-gathered flower,
To admire its rich tints and inhale its perfume—
But its fragrance may cloy on the sense in an hour,
And the rose charms no more, when it ceases to bloom.

But the simplest wild flow'ret that blooms in the vale,
Long we cherish if culled by the hand we hold dear,
Still we shelter its head from each rude passing gale,
And its fast fading verdure embalm with a tear.

Even thus—though the fair hands of genius and taste,
Have entwined thee a chaplet, most beautiful and rare,
Where blossoms of wit in luxuriance are placed
And wisdom's rich offerings bloom fragrant and fair.

Yet within thine own bosom if friendship awake,
But one chord, that responds to the warm thrill of mine,
Thou wilt shield this wild flower, for that sympathy's sake,
And its meek lowly form in thy memory enshrine. M.

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